

# The Democrat.

Telephones:  
Doniphan, No. 30. Mutual, No. 30.

## Local and Personal News.

Miss Phyllis Thaxton has gone to Springfield to take the fall course of instruction at the Springfield Business College.

Hon. J. F. Fulbright returned from a trip to Reynolds county, where he had been attending to legal matters, last Sunday evening.

The pleasantest days of the year are here, when it is a pleasure to be up and doing and a joy to go to bed and sleep restfully and soundly.

The Camp Roy Stock Farm people have begun to stock up with thoroughbreds. They intend to breed and raise all kinds of thoroughbred cattle, hogs and sheep.

H. M. Towles and son, Marvin, came home from St. Louis last week to attend the funeral of the late P. John Ponder, the deceased being the grandfather of Marvin Towles.

Attorney Chas. L. Ferguson is at home from a trip to St. Louis, where he remained nearly all of last week, taking a course of treatment for his eyes, which have been giving him trouble recently.

Dr. Sam Hilton came back from attending the Masonic grand lodge meeting at St. Louis the past week, and when he started for his home at Pine he made that part of the trip in a new auto.

Hon. W. C. Mabrey resigned his book-keeping job at the Doniphan State bank the first of the week and went to Jefferson City, where he has been recently appointed to a clerkship for the State Prison Board.

Joe Carlyle was in town the first of the week hobbling around on a crutch, having had his right leg fractured last Friday while at work at his saw mill. He slipped while rolling a log on the carriage and fell in such a way that the mishap occurred.

The brant and the wild geese, the avant couriers of the days to come when chill winds blow and the frost will sting, are winging on their way southward to the lagoons and sequestered nooks of reeds and water which will furnish them sustenance and shelter from winter's cold.

County Court at its session this week rejected all the bids received for the construction of the Briar Creek bridge, and gave the job to County Surveyor and Highway Commissioner J. Tom Johnson, who pronounced all the bids too high, and said he could do the work for considerable less than the lowest bid made.

The Misses Dick and Miss Gertrude Sperry returned the last of the week from their summer outing at Colorado Springs. The young ladies had a fine time visiting and seeing the sights of that wonderland, which is rapidly becoming the Mecca of all good citizens who believe in the slogan of "See your own country first."

Maurice McCauley, Jim Morrie and Uncle Bill Loftus this week sold their pear crop, 533 bushels in all, to Goodwin & Jean. The price per bushel averaged about 70 cents, and the pears made a car-load. The three sellers divided up a pot of \$415.00, which was not bad considering they had already sold locally many bushels.

Will Ollar, who for the past two years has been located in the Judith Basin section of Montana, came home last Wednesday for a visit. He sold his claim there, and will remain here for some time, he thinks, but intends to return to the northwest country, most likely to the Peace Valley country in British Columbia, that being the great outlook now.

## Doniphan School Notes.

Thursday evening D. H. S. witnessed a grand debut of the Sophomores in the form of a picnic. You should have seen them marching down toward the Current River! Everyone of them was carrying a bundle or two and all were in the best of spirits. The group was complete, except for the boys, who had formed the vanguard not because they were bashful (?) and had built a pontoon over a creek, for their fair classmates.

The old gravel bar near the Current River bridge was the scene of the picnic proper. A large bonfire was built, and in the light produced by same an attack was made upon the contents of the bundles which had been brought along. Most of the Sophomores proved expert in the art of "surrounding" the eatables, and all Sophomores in favor of electing Erwin Whitwell chief of the eating brigade, say aye.

The picnic was concluded with a toasting of marshmallows and the time for returning came only too soon. But, they were quite royally entertained on their homeward journey by some of their fellow school-mates and, after a friendly meeting and a jovial conversation, the journey was resumed "right up the middle of the street like a young Cox's army!"

On Wednesday evening the Freshmen went for a marshmallow feast. The hour for assemblage was early so the hour to bid "good night" could be the same—studies must never be neglected. After having walked miles as it seemed, the call to "halt" came.

To say that toasting marshmallows is not fun—well you try it! By the light of the moon and the dying coals of the fire, story telling and great flights of Oratory were indulged in. It was a memorable affair to all that partook, and we find that there is an exception to the old saying that Freshmen are "green."

Oratory and Voice have been added to the high school. We are quite fortunate in having as competent a teacher as Miss Vivian Cude.

Evan Swain, the new janitor, of the D. H. S. is filling his place very well. A reading, "Mon Pierre," was given by Miss Vivian Cude on last Tuesday morning. This was only a "good sample" of the work she expects to give in school this year and we are anxious to take up the new work.

The good people of the Baptist church have contributed the use of their tennis court to the D. H. S. The students appreciate this kind deed. Mr. Miller and some of the high school boys have the court ready and first set was played last Friday evening.

The new basketball has arrived, and Professor Foard has had the fence removed from around the basketball court, and the court is now ready for playing.

A new pencil sharpener, presented to the D. H. S. by Johnston's Pharmacy, made its appearance in the study hall Friday morning, and favored us with a speech of "grinding."

It has been decided by both the teachers and the students, to use the "Independent" as outside reading in the English and Medieval and Modern History Classes. The students as well as the teachers find it necessary to keep abreast the progress of modern civilization.

The "Literary Digest" has been ordered for use in the English III class and the English History class. These papers are furnished by the teachers and students for use as collateral work.

And the poet hasn't vanished from off the face of the earth even to this twentieth century. Here we find life at D. H. S. reflected in its true jovial manner of a lighter vein:

The D. H. S. is bound to boom,  
You ought to watch us grow.  
We study morn and afternoon  
—We think this you should know.  
Altho at first we did appeal,  
It all seemed such a load;  
We've found there's really something  
real  
in that "Draconian Code"  
Our athletes shine as big as Mars,  
Altho we have so few;  
A baseball team's not made of stars  
Why can't we have that too?  
The Phils and Ripleys do their part,  
They both are best, who knows;  
I have a feeling in my heart  
For Ripley's—Phils o'erflows.  
One night the Juniors took a ride  
Someone began a race  
A Junior said, "A Senior's stride,"  
When a flashlight showed his face.  
"Is this enough for this first time?"  
I ask. You answer "Yes!"  
As I don't care my name to sign  
The author you must guess.

A Junior.  
But with the joy and pleasure and  
"pep" of youth we find the throes  
of the growing minds wedding themselves  
toward more serious channels. Here  
is a vision of all together a different  
and heavier vein:

The Vision of a Soul  
O why love I the dear old gearly oak?  
Is it because our God who speaks,  
Hath reaped sight's bow's half blown?

Nay! let us rather say and let it be  
Our God hath given us to see  
Beyond the things that are.  
Ah! let us see beyond the stars that  
shine,  
Beyond the paltry things of time  
Into the vast unknown.

Fair, love'd earthly dreams forgotten  
long,  
Sweet those that burst forth into song,  
Ye cannot cross the bar.  
O heavenly tho! that fills the twilight  
hour,  
O Faith! an emblem of that power,  
Whose peace alone contents,  
With calm and holy silence fill the  
place.

And, reaching onward into space,  
Mount to that noblest height;  
For God and God alone embodies all,  
That pure, sublime, majestic cull  
Beyond earth's battlements  
Ah! time! speed on beyond the things  
that are,  
Speed on beyond the evening star,  
And weary not in flight.

O years! creep on like slowly crawling  
snails,  
Or hasten as the ship that sails;  
The tide will soon be broke.  
But yet there is a richness in earth's  
lay,  
A meaning to the wealth of day,  
A soul to the garbled oak!

A Senior.

After recess Friday afternoon the study-hall was called to order and the question was presented by Mr. Miller as to whether or not we should have an athletic association at D. H. S.

It was decided by a unanimous vote of the students that we should have an athletic association.

The first officer elected was Chairman, this officer is to represent the student body as a whole, Cecil Davis was elected to this office by a great majority vote.

The next officer was to be a representative of the freshmen and sophomore body, Ronald White was chosen to this office.  
Howard Davis was chosen as the representative of the Junior and Senior classes, this office will act as secretary of the association. Mr. Miller and Miss Lee are the faculty representatives. It was suggested that we have a yell master so the motion was made and seconded that we add a yell master to our list of officers and the students chose Carl Peppiller as yell master.

It was decided that the new executive officers should draw up the constitution. There being no further business to come before the association, it adjourned.

## RIPLEY PROGRAM, OCT. 5

Song—Society  
Debate—Resolved, That a music and art department should be added to the curriculum of D. H. S.

Affirmative—Cecil Davis, Kathleen Adams. Negative—Albert Raney, Dorothy Justice.  
Clarlones Solo ..... Ronald White  
Instrumental Solo ..... Eleanor Proctor  
Original Story ..... Elgie Reddin  
Vocal Solo ..... Miss Vivian Cude  
"Flashlight" ..... Editor, Grace Glover

## PHILOMATHIC PROGRAM OCT. 5

Roll Call.  
Debate—Resolved, That the Freshmen should have the privilege of choosing their own society in this High School.

Affirmative—Delaney Votaw, Celeste Ballard. Negative—Clarice Glore, Wayman Wiggins.  
Don'ts for the Freshmen. Alvin Mizell  
Instrumental Solo. Gladys McClaren  
A Freshman's first day in High School  
Vocal Solo ..... Mary Reddin  
Vocal Solo ..... Aetna Miles  
Reading ..... Pauline Foster  
A Freshman's opinion of other classes  
..... Nellie Grindstaff  
Friday Evening Special ..... Editor  
Zula Stone.

## GRAMMAR SCHOOL NOTES

Reports from the eight rooms at the Grammar School show the following:  
Total enrollment for all rooms 315  
Total attendance for the month 5738.5  
Average daily attendance 268.9  
Per cent of attendance 91 per cent  
Number cases of tardiness 37

We wish very much to raise all of the above figures for next month's report with the exception of the last one. This is entirely too many tardies for one month. This lies almost entirely in the hands of the parents and pupils. What will we do about it?

Both the Maple Leaf and Hermitian Literary Societies are planning for a Riley program to be given Friday the 5th. Visitors are always welcome. He! He! Left! Right! He! He! can now be heard mornings, recess time, noon and evening coming from all parts of the campus since all grades have commenced active drilling. It sure pays the chaps to watch their steps under the stern command of drill master James. The eighth grade boys are training for leaders for the lower grades.

The four upper grades which make up the departmental work have purchased a new Victrola and are expecting it this week. In addition to the penmanship work it will be used for opening work and at the regular Literary Society meetings.

Basket ball is progressing splendidly an increased interest is very clearly seen. In connection with the basket ball play a physical training class is held. This is composed of marching and gymnastic exercise. Anybody who is interested in this line of work is very cordially invited to visit us. The time for playing begins at four ten on Tuesdays and Fridays.

The basket ball girls are planning a hike some time in the near future. The fourth grade is planning to make a Halloween border in a few days.

The fourth grade nature study class is making a collection of cocoons and caterpillars.

Miss Nell Thaxton returned to Pocahtontas, this week, where she will again teach in the schools of that city for the ensuing term.

Woman's friend is a Large Trial Bottle of Sanol Prescription. Fine for black heads, Eczema and all rough skin and clear complexion. A real skin tonic. Get a 35c trial bottle at the drug store. 25-52.

Man past 30 with horse and buggy to sell Stock Condition Powder in Ripley county. Salary \$70 per month. Address 9 Industrial Bldg., Indianapolis, Indiana.

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**Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA**

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**Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA**

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**Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA**



## REPEATING AND AUTOLOADING SHOTGUNS

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Remington UMC guns work quicker than any man can aim, and shoot closely and evenly—"Arrow" and "Nitro Club" steel lined "speed shells" (smokeless) cut down many a bird that would have gotten away from any of the slower makes of shell.

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## IT WAS "SOME DAY" IN OLD LONDON WHEN YANKEE TROOPS MARCHED THERE

Stolid British Warmed Up and Actually Embarrassed Our Boys With the Ardor of Their Greeting—Crowds Packed Ten Deep Along Line of March Showered Soldiers With Flowers and "Smokes."

London.—There have been great days in England since the outbreak of hostilities, but none greater than the one on which the newspapers announced that America was in the war. And it was palpable soon afterward that she was in it with both feet, ready to assist the allies in every way they had conceived. The speed with which money poured into the coffers of France and England from Uncle Sam's fat purses, the sending over of destroyers and the passing of the conscription bill was amazing to the Britishers, and the man in the street shouted his appreciation.

When khaki-clad troops poured into France and England in spite of the submarine peril the jolly fat Englishman felt like shaking the hand of everybody who had ever been in America. It was then that the Briton lost his phlegmatism, and he hurried his hat high in the air on the day that more than five thousand sons of the United States marched through London.

Never to Be Forgotten.  
This again was a day never to be forgotten. There were the Stars and Stripes floating with the British Union Jack from the Westminster buildings. King George, the United States ambassador and high officers of the British service saluted America's brave sons as they strode past Buckingham palace at the end of the line, wide thoroughfare known as the Mall.

Here was the first contingent in England of another "contemptible little army" which is to do or die in the battles against barbarism and so-called kultur.

You can get an idea of how interested were the Londoners concerning the march of the Americans when it is said that on the day before the event conversation mostly concerned the sons of Uncle Sam and the route of march. Evening newspapers published the streets where the Americans would be seen the following day, and Tommies and their officers were very keen to be on hand to add to the welcome.

The first Americans in uniform in the English metropolis probably were officers of General Pershing's staff when they were in London just before continuing the journey to the front. Aside from these (and comparatively few Londoners saw them) England knew little of the American soldier's makeup beyond the Remington pictures of cowboys and a stray picture in the papers. So when the Britons knew they would have a chance to see American troops in London they came from all over the country to see and to cheer.

Streets Lined Ten Deep.  
The weather man turned out a fairly respectable day for the occasion and the sun kept on coming and going, while airplanes buzzed through the clouds like policemen of the skies. A half-dozen observation balloons floated gracefully along a mile high over the English capital.

When the American troops reached the Horse Guards parade one could see English girls on chairs peering out of windows in their efforts to get glimpses of the American soldiers. The throng, lined ten deep in some places and extending all along the route of march, naturally was a mixed one. Here were flower girls of the adipose, elderly, London type, pitching precious roses and violets in the path of the Americans. The foreign officer, which faces the admiralty, was sending his crowd of workers to witness the sight, and those who could not leave their sought places at windows overlooking the Horse Guards parade. Not even in the other times of intense excitement had London seen such a dense and interested throng.

For some time folks waited, the music of the Guards bands being heard long before the United States soldiers actually were in front of the admiralty or foreign office. Finally came the silence, the bands having ceased, and then the steady tread of the men in khaki, the warmly welcomed brothers in arms of the British, French and Italians.

Liked Americans' Looks.  
"America forever!" shouted one man, believing that he was giving a fairly good imitation of the way "America" is pronounced by Uncle Sam's sons.

There were loud hurrahs every now and again, but when there are five thousand men passing four deep these hurrahs cannot be continuous. Besides, the Englishman and the Englishwoman were thinking, and they liked the clean-cut physiognomies of the soldiers.

Cigarettes were thrown in the path of the men amid cheers. Right in front of me stood a Scotch major at salute. Hardly a man kept his hat on his head. Either he was waving it or he was uncovered in deference to United States. There were tears in the eyes of some women as they scanned carefully every face, some of which because of the vast turnout occasionally looked self-conscious.

"Oh, please smile; we love you all," said one girl, apparently oblivious to the fact that she hung on the arm of a prepossessing, young lieutenant.

Still, the Americans went forth as to the trenches. To them perhaps the ordeal was more trying, for such fervor in a strange land must be appreciated by every soul honored. Company after company passed with lips tightened and teeth set.

"God bless you!" exclaimed an old woman. An American soldier bowed acknowledgment. The fixed faces seemed to realize and finally the corners of mouths curved upward when a Cockney woman yelled:

Give Us a Wink, Wot?  
"You are a bit of all right 'y' are. Give us a wink wot?"

One of the Americans actually did his best and the Cockney female shouted:

"Bill-me, I knowed yer face wasn't made o' wax. An' if e' ain't got the witest teeth I ever saw."

Another Guard's band drowned laughter and further comments and the men tramped on through the double archways leading to Whitehall, their shouldered rifles above the banks of men and women. Presently an automobile came to a halt a dozen yards from the men and women and a beautiful young American girl whipped out an American flag and waved it energetically. Quite a number of the soldiers saw it and only discipline forbade their turning their heads after they had gone by.

"Stick a feather in 'is 'at and call him Yankee Doodle," sang a young woman who had no taste in sartorial color harmony and who thought she was giving a fair rendition of the American national anthem.

"They don't like that," declared a man. "It's the Star-Spangled Banner 'yer ought to sing."

Just then the American girl in a sweet voice started with "Oh, say, can you see—" and the Englishman with her continued the air without knowing the words.

In the Horse Guards, that interesting old building, in Whitehall, there was an impressive and unforgettable sight. The uniforms of color, the fighting attire of yesteryear, those men in red coats, white leather breeches and tall pointed black boots, stood in a line at attention, their swords at salute to the American soldiers.

The color caught the eyes of the boys from Maine and San Francisco, and some of them did not quite know what to make of it.

Sent to Discipline Naughty Bill.

However, they realized the honor of the turning out of these strapping life-guards, now in red, white and black, with brilliant brass helmets, who perhaps not so very long ago were up to their waists in mud in the trenches when wearing their fighting gear. Most of them had been wounded and thus were sent back to the Guard at Whitehall.

Further along the sons of Uncle Sam marched to the wide Whitehall, and in a few minutes they were passing the admiralty, where sailors and naval officers stood thrilled with interest at the marching line before them.

"The Day," shouted a sailor. "The Day when Naughty Bill is to get 'is." "Yes," said another man, "ain't it a shame to think we can't do more than roast the chief 'un."

"Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching," came from a thousand throats as the band struck up this familiar tune. They realized they were doing something to vanquish any gloom.

"On through the mouth of Whitehall to Trafalgar square, where stands the statue to Lord Nelson and the Land-seer lions. Each lion carried its full quota of men and boys who shouted, clapped and sang from their vantage points.

"I guess and reckon that America ain't goin' to stand no nonsense from them baby killers," opined an Englishman who apparently thought he had a firm grip on New Yorkese. You see the Englishman is about as strong on the imitation of an American as the American is on English.

It was palpable that some of the men in the throng had worn their most "American" looking clothes. They copied the American way of bending down their felt hats in front—in other words, it is now fashionable to the American in England.

The narrowness of the Strand were banked with cheerful countenances, and now and again flowers and smokes fell in the roadway. Australians, New Zealanders and Canadians gave their need of applause to the American troops.

And when it was all over that day you heard precious little else but praise for the American troops and comments on their good looks. And they were a prepossessing lot, too.

Until sundown the Stars and Stripes flew at the staff atop the house of Parliament. Der Tag was one which raised perhaps the German eyebrows, for the German officers have been given to understand that Americans could never brave submarines as numerous and send men to the firing line. In fact, one of the German officer prisoners said as much to a Yankee who ejaculated:

"All right, old sport, and how did we get here?"—New York Herald.